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asked why he had married, George the Irish critic and said briefly, "I pre-ferred"—an answer there is no come-There are drawbacks orhood, however. In moirs of My Dead has devoted an ear-graph to the melan-estion that faces a mos of the days of "Woman to Dine

From A. L. en of Mark."

FRANCIS W. CROWNINSHIELD, the editor of *Vanity Fair* and the best mannered man in New York, is "forty years a bachelor," and we wonder why. He is an advocate of suitable college courses in courtship, an admirer of women, a suffragist. "If American men," he has said, "helped American women as much in their homes as the women help the men in their offices, there would be no bar-rooms and no divorces." He warns girls against the suitor who gives useful presents—washing-machines, electric irons, and the like. True love, he says, gives theater tickets and flowers. Bachelor that he is, he still dares confess: "I remember once playing Indian with the three small brothers of a wholly angelic being! 'Greater love than this hath no man.'"

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SAYS Frank A. Munsey, the publisher and banker who came to New York thirty-four years ago with less than \$40 in his pocket, and who now has a yearly income of a million dollars: "I have had no time in the last twelve years to circle the earth in pursuit of a woman. My only pursuit has been that of my business." At that rate, Mr. Munsey, there is still hope for you during one year in every four.



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THE enigma of the English Army, cold, silent, impenetrable, indifferent to popularity, Earl Kitchener, is sixty-six years old and has always been noticeably unmarried. Yet

"Gold lace has a charm for the fair, And he's plenty of that and to spare."

Once a crass American reporter asked him if he was a woman-hater. "No," he answered; "I have never married, because I believe that a man can not be a good soldier and a good husband at the same time."

Photograph by Brown Brothers.



Photograph by International News Service.

ALEXANDER SMITH COCHRAN, the owner of the famous carpet factories at Yonkers, is thirty-five—just barely old enough to be a bachelor. However, when a man is handsome, worth between thirty and forty million dollars, the owner of town and country houses and of private yachts, he is reproachfully called a bachelor on his twenty-first birthday. It is for the benefit of him and his ilk that statistics are compiled to show that bachelors don't live nearly so long as married men.



Photograph by Paul Thompson.

ELEANORE SEARS of Beacon Street, Boston, appeared at a fashionable polo game several years ago in riding trousers, and earned the title of "Fashionable Tomboy." Her game of golf and tennis, her riding and swimming, have kept her constantly in the public eye, and her name has been linked with many famous sportsmen. Claude Grahame-White and Harold S. Vanderbilt were once named as possible fiancés. It was said that Paul J. Rainey went on his famous explorations to prove something or other to her; but, in spite of them, she is still happily unmarried.

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